

Good Morning 713

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

John Baird the genius from the Firth of Clyde, travelled the hard road to fame, but conquered poverty, sickness and bad luck, and won through.

By ALAN THORNWOOD



Pavlova, famous danseuse, and two Cossack friends snapped in a Glasgow street.

Ballet is Hard Labour says JEAN JOUNNIE

DURING the war years ballet has gained a new and appreciative audience. While in the Forces, young men and women have studied probably more than ever before; have learnt to understand and appreciate cultural subjects. Ballet, as the result of this new trend, is more popular than ever before in Britain.

Robert Helpmann, one of the most talented of our own ballet dancers, has played a big part in the furthering of this great art. Incidentally, by his appearance as a "Quisling" on the screen, in the film "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing," and portrayal of "Hamlet" on the stage, Robert Helpmann has further proved that ballet produces artistes of all-round ability.

Vaslav Nijinsky, known at the height of his fame as "The man of whom the Gods are jealous," was a typical example of those scientists who devote their life to the art of ballet. He was a human racehorse; by that I mean that he kept in training just as a thoroughbred does for an important event.

Every morning he went through exercises that would have put a less powerful man in bed for a week. This was usually followed by a long walk, more exercises, and then a hot bath—just to keep his weight down!

Nijinsky was a great believer in keeping to a special diet; worried many a hotel manager during the course of his travels by insisting that he be given what his art demanded—not what was on the menu!

The perfection of his dancing more than proved that there was much to be said for his hard training and quiet living.

But the terribly hard work began to have its affect. Just before he was due to commence a season in London, in 1911, which would bring him in £1,000 a week, the great dancer had a serious mental illness and had to take a long rest.

With the passing of the years Nijinsky failed to take an interest in anything. The finest treatment possible was secured for him; he lived in a lovely house. But all the efforts to restore the dancer to his old happy self failed.

One day it was suggested by his great friend, Diaghileff, that it might help matters if Nijinsky were taken to see one of the ballets in which he used to star. "It might bring his memory back," someone agreed.

During one season at the Paris Opera House, when ballet was being featured, and dancers with whom Nijinsky had often appeared were taking part, a special arrangement was made for Nijinsky to sit in a box and, with Diaghileff, watch the ballet.

Many hoped the scenes might strike a chord in the dancer's mind; especially when the star floated through the window in a way that made Nijinsky without doubt the King of the Ballet.

His friend watched Nijinsky closely—and could have cried. The dancer was obviously not interested, turned his head away, and yawned.

Seeing that it was impossible, his friend soon afterwards led the great ballet star back to his car. It was as if a great man had retired to a world of his own.

In 1937, Nijinsky began to dance a few steps again with his wife—but ceased as suddenly as he had started, never to again show that super-talent only he possessed.

Ice-ballet—and now ballet on roller-skates—has been developed in the United States, and it is interesting to note that a little English girl, Belita Jepson-Turner, is now America's Queen of the ice-ballet.

Known to millions of film-goers and pin-up collectors as "Belita," she hails from the Hampshire village of Nether Wallop, and is the daughter of a physician attached to the Court of King Edward VII. Her mother did everything possible to encourage her, and the result is perhaps the finest all-round girl ballet dancer in the world.

Belita, who spends many hours each day practising her dances and about the same time keeping in training on the ice, is now on the way to making a fortune. But, above anything else, she wants to become a tennis champion. Coached by some of the best players in the New World, she has shown exceptional form of late—but it is as a ballet dancer, however, that will give the greatest amount of enjoyment.

Belita, like Nijinsky, believes in keeping to a training routine. Her training is doubled by the skating schedules, but so far she has been able to keep on top of both arts. Quite a job, you will appreciate!

The one and only Anna Pavlova, Queen of the Ballet, is a classic example of a dancer living and keeping in training like a racehorse. She worked fifteen hours a day. This included planning new dances, three hours private practice, and one hour of "warming up" exercises before the curtain rose.

Pavlova had to be fit for her work. Often she might feature as many as six to a dozen dances in one programme. Every one meant a change of costume and make-up. It is on record, during the course of a ten weeks' tour, that Pavlova and her company gave 80 performances in 50 different theatres!

Many people may think that ballet offers a life of glamour. They are wrong. It demands fit, agile, and extremely talented people who have to train hard to reach the top of the profession—and train still harder with the passing of years to keep there.

He Sold Socks—Gave Us Television

ALREADY we have had forecasts that soon after this war we shall all, more or less, have television as part of our radio sets. Television has come to stay. But amazing as the story of television is, there is a more amazing story behind the discovery of it.

It is the story of a man who conquered every obstacle that could be imagined—bad luck, lack of funds, ill-health, and other things besides.

Yet he triumphed over all, and is still working to give us more and better television.

The man is John Logie Baird, native of Helensburgh, on the Firth of Clyde, the same town that was the birthplace of Henry Bell, of steamboat fame.

Baird was the youngest child of a parson; he was delicate from birth, but in his youth he showed signs of having a liking for engineering. At Glasgow University he studied physics.

At the outbreak of the World War No. 1 he volunteered, but was rejected on physical grounds, so he took a job as engineer with the Clyde Valley Electrical Company.

£10 CAPITAL.

When war ended, his health was so bad that he abandoned his technical career and started a company with £10. He called it the Baird Undersock Company. He took a room in Glasgow, where he made the undersocks, which were said to keep the feet warm—but he must have had cold feet himself often enough in another way, for at first it looked as if the public didn't want his socks.

Gradually, however, the business paid its way, and then he invented a new brand of shoe polish, which he called the Osmo. But he was still far from his ideal.

One day he chanced to get hold of a pamphlet that told about the West Indies, and possibilities there. His health was bad, and he decided to try the Indies.

He went to Trinidad, where he lived in a bamboo hut and began to think of "making things."

Again his health stopped him. He took malaria fever badly and had to return home.

He was now without money, he was a sick man, and he had had his share of disappointments. He felt that he was a "dud." In an attempt to gain a livelihood he started to sell Australian honey, coconut fibre, then French soap. He failed to make much return for his labours.

But it was really the advice of a sister that set him on the path of television. He wrote to her, asking for advice as to whether he should

take up the making and selling of razor-blades or go in for television. **She advised him to take up the razor-blades. And he took up television!**

He knew next to nothing about it. He was unaware of any other inventors being interested in it. His health was poor. He had little money. But he applied himself to the job.

He was living in Hastings then. He made the washstand of his room the "base" of his first apparatus. For months and months he experimented with a teabox for a cabinet, and an empty biscuit-tin, and an old secondhand electro motor.

He bought lenses at a few pence each. He used torch batteries, bits of twine, and out-of-use military wireless transmitter, and many other odd things.

After two years' work he was able to transmit the blurred shadow of a Maltese cross for a distance of a few yards. That faint transmission told him he was on the proper track. He became enthusiastic.

A year later he moved to London, living in Soho. His invention began to be talked about. He was invited by Selfridge's to make demonstrations to customers of the store—three performances daily, and give answers to questions.

SAFETY FIRST.

He still remembers one old lady who asked, "Is it sufficient to draw the curtains of the bathroom to be safe from your television?"

Now, at that time he could transmit only silhouettes. But his family in Scotland came to the financial rescue with £500 as a loan. With that he so improved his apparatus that he was able to transmit the features of persons.

The first features shown were those of a ventriloquist's doll with which he had been experimenting.

That was on October 2nd, 1925. Baird was so excited when the face became clear, that, hatless, without a collar, in his shirt sleeves, he rushed downstairs and grabbed the first human being he met. This was an office-boy who worked in an office below Baird's room.

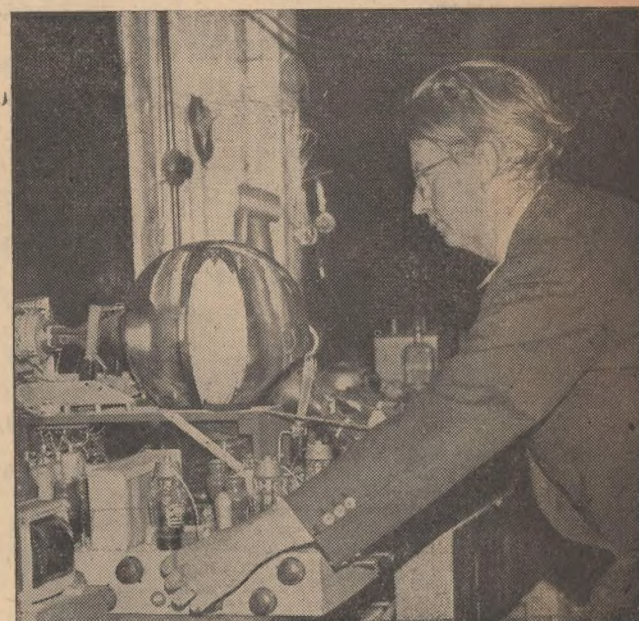
He dragged the youngster upstairs—William Taynton was the boy's name—and placed him in front of his apparatus.

The office-boy was the first human being to be televised.

But the fight for recognition had still to be won. The B.B.C. did not want to hear about it; but Parliament got them to begin experiments in 1929. Baird was beginning to get recognised.

When the war broke out in 1939, television had to close down; but Baird still continued his work, now dealing with televising in colours and stereoscopic effect.

To-day he works out at Sydenham, and has worked in spite of blitzes, doodle-bugs, V1 and V2, while houses were being shattered all around. What he will show us now peace has come remains to be seen; but his name will live among the greatest inventors of the ages.



Inventor Baird looking at the telechrome, which produces television in colour.

Bloody Place of Chop-Chop is All Yours, Sailor

YOU'VE all been to the Tower of London? What, not all of you! Not seen the Mint to the Port of London Authority building, which will the 1914-18 bit of trouble, spies pass along Tower Hill, taking the place of the present rather uninteresting street.

It was, of course, the place most favoured for cutting heads off in the old days. In the 1914-18 bit of trouble, spies were shot in the Tower, opposite the place of the present rather uninteresting street.

It is a bit off the beaten track—though not far from the very thick of the traffic hold-ups—but it's amazing how few Londoners have taken that short ride down the Minorities to have a look at as good a piece of history and entertainment as exists anywhere in London or elsewhere.

Public gardens on Tower Hill are to be greatly extended and improved, and a new site for the junction of the important roads meeting at the Mint is to be formed. **Altogether, the plan, if carried out, will put Tower Hill well and firmly on the map.**

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first

to "Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE TRIAL OF PICKWICK

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH.
MR. SERJEANT BUZFUZ.
MR. SERJEANT SNUBBIN.
S. PICKWICK, Esq.
N. WINKLE, Esq.
MR. WELLER, senior.
MR. WELLER, junior.
CRIER OF THE COURT.
MRS. ELIZABETH CLUPPINS.
FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

Enter Mr. Justice Stareleigh attended by Crier, and takes his seat on the Bench.

Crier: Silence! Silence! Silence in the court. Bardell and Pickwick.

Buzfuz: I am for the plaintiff, my Lord.

Snubbin: I appear for the defendant, my Lord.

Judge: Go on.

Crier: Silence! silence! silence!

Buzfuz: My Lord! may it please your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury! never in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility, I would say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

This is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500.

The facts and circumstances of husband. She had no fear—she the case, gentlemen, you shall hear had no distrust—she had no suspicion detailed by me, and proved by the piction: all was confidence and unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow. Yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Weller, senior: He was knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public-house.

Buzfuz: Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy—the only pledge of her departed exciseman—Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of boy to her maternal bosom, and Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within."

Foreman of the Jury: There is no date to that, is there, sir?

Buzfuz: There is no date, gentlemen; but I am instructed to say, that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour window just this time three years.

I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman."

Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of wick, the defendant. Of this man the inestimable qualities of her lost Pickwick I will say but little. The

It is the old story. A notice in a window: "Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within." And in went S. Pickwick, Esq. to engage the apartments. Then lawyers had a word for it. The old story—but nobody ever told it like Dickens.

subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villainy.

Pickwick: How dare you, sir!

Buzfuz: I say systematic villainy, gentlemen. And when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him—more becoming—in better judgment and in better taste—if he had stopped away.

By Charles Dickens

Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them.

And let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house.

I shall show you that Mrs. Pickwick suddenly began to absent herself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off with my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered—if better feelings he has—or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions, by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract.

And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters are addressed to their solemn contract.

QUIZ for today

1. A wombat flies, swims, burrows, runs, floats, hops?
2. What is Stalin's real name?
3. Which is the most northerly of the British Isles?
4. What is the more common name of the pincock?
5. Who was the Marquis of are masculine.

Granby, after whom so many public-houses are called?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Bat, Mole, Owl, Blindworm, Earthworm, Nightjar.

Answers to Quiz in No. 712

1. Zymurgy.
2. Hiel the Bethelite.
3. 1 pint (or 1 gill).
4. Southwark Bridge.
5. Pennine Chain.
6. Mother is feminine; others are masculine.



Jack Greenall Says:
Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE DOG.

DOGS come in all shapes and sizes, when they come in at all. To show their love they wipe their nose on your best trousers. All dogs are loose livers; they've plenty of time on their hands.

They thrive on filthy dust-bins, mouldy bones and lamp-standards, and revel in low life. Can be taught to do tricks, and could show you a few, best not demonstrated.

Dogs have rabies, gastritis, hysteria, fits, mange, jaundice and heaven knows what else. Can you wonder, wolfing mouldy bones? I find the only thing they don't suffer from is house-maid's knee. Seems a crying shame to deprive the poor devils of this, what say you?

Dogs never tire; start throwing stones for one to fetch, you'll soon learn. They lead a dog's life, which means they never work, get free board and lodging, and do pretty well as they damn well please. Called man's best friend, even after all this!

The original ancestor of the dog is not known, naturally. Who'd be mug enough to admit the responsibility?

The dog, I read, is found in all parts of the world. How the human race suffers! To the average Britisher the dog is merely an excuse for a "quick one"!!

FOOTLIGHTS

WAR-TIME stockings don't worry M.-G.-M.'s young star, Gail Russell. The lovely Gail never wears them on or off the screen, and says she has only owned one pair in her entire adult life.

She bought these, she says, because she thought she ought to be able to say she had one pair at least—but she has never worn them!

★ ONE of the most star-studded films promised by Hollywood is M.-G.-M.'s Technicolor musical, "Ziegfeld Follies," which features Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Edward Arnold, Lucille Ball, Fred Astaire and his new dancing partner, Lucille Bremer.

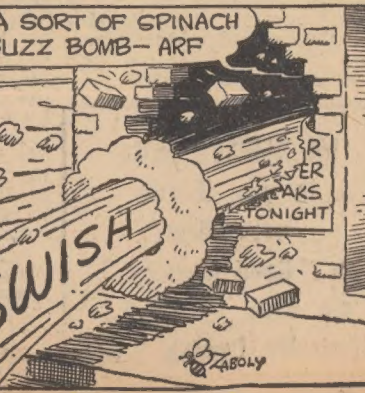
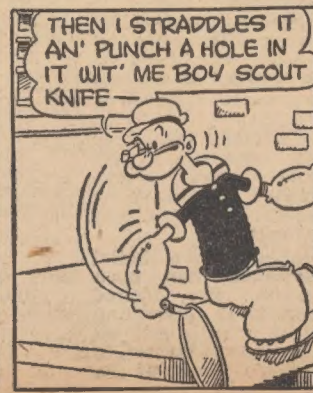
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



The Trial of Pickwick

(Continued from Page 2)

mitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man.

They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment.

They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's,

twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK."

Gentlemen, what does this mean? "Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!" Chops! gracious Heaven! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan."

The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan?

When was the peace of mind of a man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and

will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture?

Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?

And what does this allusion to the "slow coach" mean?

For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an

aching heart. It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant.

Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without.

All is gloom and silence in the house. Even the voice of the child is hushed.

His infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. His "alley tors" and his "com-moneys" are alike neglected! He forgets the long familiar cry of "knuckle down"; and at tip-cheese, or odd-and-even, his hand is out.

But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown

ashes on the sward—Pickwick who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, to gaze without a sigh on the ruin he has made.

Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client.

And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen.

Buzfuz: Call Elizabeth Clup-pins.

Crier: Elizabeth Muffins.

(To be continued.)

Husband: You know you'll never get that dog to obey you. Wife: Oh, yes I shall. He only needs patience. You were just as difficult at first.

Wangling Words No. 653

1. Behead value and get a cereal.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: oungeizardsoaongthewas.
3. Change SAT into RED in five steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MEND, etc.)
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: A bottle of good heliotrope — costs a good deal more than fifty — in U.S.A.

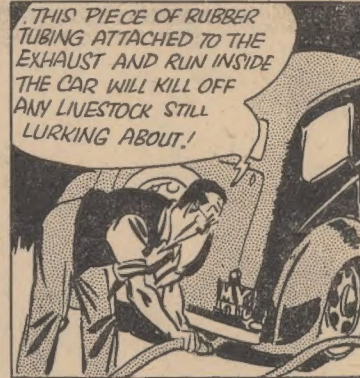
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 652

1. G-race.
2. The price of potatoes and parsnips is preposterous.
3. THE, HEW, EWE, WEB, EBB.
4. Caller, cellar.

JANE



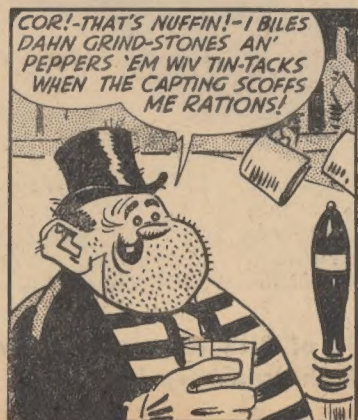
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Lumps of ice. 5 Shoe. 10 Bird. 11 Cooking. 13 Slow-coach. 15 Annoy. 16 Dealing with. 17 Girl's name. 19 Defensive structure. 21 Donation. 23 Related. 24 Plunge. 25 Brave man. 27 Raise. 29 Inner. 32 Negative. 33 Write. 35 Springy. 37 Mountain. 39 Coloured fluid. 40 Ventured. 41 Lament.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Under. 2 Issue. 3 Thick wrap. 4 Test rhythm. 5 Team. 6 Because. 7 Oyster. 8 Pronoun. 9 One of U.S.A. 12 Impel. 14 Liquid measure. 18 Scotch landowners. 20 Spurrier. 22 Significance. 25 Trusted. 26 Friends. 28 Rugged. 30 Wild herb. 31 Scold. 34 Girl's name. 36 Draw. 38 About.

**Good
Morning**



Now, don't get us wrong, blokes. We only wanted to mention that the title of Rita Hayworth's new picture is, "To-night and Every Night."
And to say that we don't think she can keep it up.